AT THE HOBO CONVENTION.

TALES AND GAMES AT THE SUM-MER MEET IN PERTH AMBOY.

Double Head, Pill Paul, and Swell Harvey Tell the Experience Meeting About Their Most Artistic Exploits Since the Last Annual Gathering-The Tourney for Novtees with Nawhorses-Single-stick Ducks and Catching the Hen-Pents of Pugilism,

Out at the Rig Barn in Perth Amboy the summer tramp convention is now in session. No placards have announced it; no advertisements in the newspapers have called the tramps together, and no railway lines have run special trains to the spot; yet all over trampdom the call has spread, and the hoboes from north and south and east and west have turned their footsteps toward the Big Barn to greet old comrades and meet new ones.

Few are the persons to whom Perth Amboy is a noteworthy place, but among those few must be numbered every tramp and hobo who ever padded the hoof or clacked a bit of patter between sunrise and the Golden Gate. For years the great ramsnackie barn, whose top may be seen from the railway bridge looming gray against the green of the further woods, has been their dezvous, and all of legend and tradition that there is in the King law of Hobo is there passed by word of mouth and crystallized into endur-

frequently raised a great howl in chorus. They were surprised when they discovered me, but I surprised them further, for, summoning all the faient which once made me famous on the boards before ill luck overtook me, I burst into tears. The young women were sympathetic, and it was to them that I addressed my sorrowful tale.

""Can nobody tell me of my dear wife and

ful tale.

"Can nobody tell me of my dear wife and child? I cried. Thirty years ago I left them here. I was wrecked at sea on a desert lefe. Now I return, foriorn and penniless, to find the fair village of my childhood in ruins. Alas:

lar village of my childhood in rolls. Alas, algs."

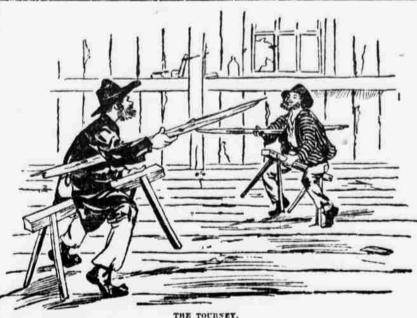
"Then I went on and spieled them a splendly patter about my adventurous life, and when I got through they passed the bonnet, and I accumulated near eight of the long green."

"I did a little funeral job that wasn't bad," began Keener Jim. "It cost the corpse's family a fiver, but it was—"

"Hey, hoboes," interrupted a voice sounding from the far end of the barn. "Move along; de sports is on."

family a fiver, but if was—"
" Hey, hoboes," interrupted a voice sounding from the far end of the barn. " Move along; de sports is on."
"That's King Limpy," explained Swell Harvey to the recorter. "Come in and see the sport. He's king of the hobo meet this year and stage-manages the performance."
Everybody trooped in and formed a big semicircle before King Limpy, who sat on a barrel against the wall. He made a few remarks of greeting and then said that Pegdot Second would oblige" with his stog. Pegdot Second would oblige of the same and that Pegdot Second for mendicancy, led forth a small and very intelligent-looking our that stood up on his hind fest to have a paper cap fitted on his bead. A volunteer with a mouth organ came forward and played. The little dog danced admirably while the audience clapped and stamped the time. At an order from his master dogy sat on his haunches.
"Now Sparkles, wot'll yer have?" asked Pegdot Second.

his haunches.
"Now. Sparkies, wot'll yer have?" asked
Pegdot Second.
Sparkies put the right paw to his mouth.



ing record as surely as if it were graven on the mile posts that mark the wanderer's way to the meeting.

Once the barn was inhabited by animals, but long ago it was deserted as unfit for such habitation. Then the nomads adopted it for their own, and over the length and breadth of the nation went the word that named the Big Barn as the tramps' own place of convention. It is an normous building, where 200 persons might lodge without undue crowding, and there have seen years when that number of tramps slept there at one time. This year the convention is not very big, but it is lively. There are about 100 hoboes there celebrating themselves with the customary ceremonies.

The first day of the meeting is given up to conferences and the exchange of important news, with contributions of a geographical and sociological nature touching mainly the rise of sociological nature touching mainly the rise of new villages and the charitable or uncharitable bent of the inhabitants. Sports and contests are discussed on the second day. Yesterlay was the second day. When THE SUS reporter reached the Big Harn the sports had not begun, but the hoboes were holding an experience meet-ing just outside the door. Each related his lucklest strike during the year. The reporter was greated gravely, and there was a pause in the proceedings. An authoritative voice won-dered audibly if the newcomer had the price of beer for the crowd. Assurance having been given on this point the proceedings were con-tinued. A hobe, known as Double Head, from the mansard-roof cranium which he possessed, had the door.



SWAPPING STORIES.

"This was a cinch," he said, speaking quite alowly and with an obvious intent of elegance, if not eloquence. "I was paddin' out in Mich. It's easy graft and soft sleep most times though I once roofed a square of dust through a daisy damper it. e., lay in the open during a thunder shower! It was out by the canal. Duke Cheever knows the place, because of tossin' a splash from a ten-day mule ernwler there white aneakin' on the pass last spring."

Here Duke Cheever grunted his assent to the proposition that he had been thrown overboard from a slow canal beat while stealing a ride, and the narranor continued:

"As I say, I was baidin' along the edge an' I seen a kid, which it's old woman had let it away, dustin' the easy edge. Nobad, wasn't looking, not even the kid, so I tipped a trick with my right padder, an' the kid does a frog slep into the drink. I yells like a fog horn that there's a kid gettin' waterlogged, an', sure enough, Daddy an' the old woman comes yowpin' out to the road. Here's where your hobo pardner came in strong. He tosses a spiash of his own, hooks the kid, an' yanks it out to tos fond parletts. They fail on his drippin' collar an' yells:

"You have saved our chee-ild. Wot can we

ner came in strong. He tosses a spiash of his bwn, hooks the kid, an' yanks it out to its food parients. They fail on his drippin' collar an' yells:

"You have saved our chee-ild. Wot can we do to show our grachichude?"

"I dim't say, not judgin' it politics; but they guessed it first thing an' I got a tenner, the same which got me a bally booze an' a ten days' Gug in the next four corners I ran into."

Great applause signalized the appreciation for diorbic heads, gehius, and freedom of mind, after which silence was restored and the spirit moved Pill Paul to tell how he, too, saved a life. Pili Paul, as one of the hoboes explained to the resorter, was once a patent medicine purveyor, who had the bad luck to sell a batch of tainted pilis to a Western community, from which he was escorted on a fence rail, surrounded by a yeiner multitude and an odor of tar. That applied his chances in the medical profession, so he urned hobo. This was his tale:

"low in Mississip. Hard times there. Ploughin's aswamp. Seen a damfool with a bug he after bugs. Chased along after him, bein health of the stuff. Chased into swamp after bugs came out and stepped on snake. Snake but has the stuff. Chased into swamp after bug her after bugs. Chased slong savern parter. Couldn't bite as had as a skeeter. Too Hugner's 'twas a copperhead.

"Me tod,' asys Bugnets yelled. I came up on the plack Killed the snake. Nothin but a big awam, garter. Couldn't bite as had as a skeeter. Too Hugner's 'twas a copperhead.

"Me tod,' asys Bugnets yelled. I came up on the place of the snake. Nothin but a big awam, garter. Couldn't bite as had as a skeeter. Too Hugner's 'twas a copperhead.

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"Me tod,' asys Bugnets yelled. I came u

opened his jaws wide, tossed back his head, guiped down an imacinary draught, and barked. Howis of enthusiasm greeted this exhibition, and Sparkles was voted a true hobo, which character he supported by drinking eagerly a can of beer brought to him by a feilow tramp, Next is order were the jousts. King Limpy arose to announce them.

"We now comes to the our annywal question, 'Who buys' de beer?' Dey's a lot o'new hoboes here. Dey scraps it out between directors, and de ones wot gets licked puts up de keg or gets de run. Hoboes, dis new pardner is Dude Henker, wot's near as fine a swell as old Harvey. Stand out, Dude."

In obselience to this order a remarkably arrayed person stepped out and made a bow of great grace. Next Hoboken Pete was introduced. A new hobo, who gave his name as Coal, and one Curiy Mae were introduced.

"De fust round is Curiy Mae and Hoboken Pete," announced king Limpy. "Fetch on de firey steeds an give de scrappers deir trusty weepons."

Theremon, two saw horses were dragged for-

free, amounted still Limpy. Fetch on defirev steeds an give de scrappers deir trusty
weepons."

Theremon two saw horses were dragged forward, and the combitants were mounted on
them at opposite ends of the circle. A very
heavy fence rail was set under the right arm of
each, leaving the left hand free to hunch along
the hery steeds. It was explained that the one
who succeeded in knocking his opponent of
the saw horse was the victor. At the word the
contestants moved slowly toward each other,
Curly Mac acemed uneasy in the saddle, and
before he had reached his opponent took
off his cost and sat on it. Hob-ken Pete
followed suit. They advanced. Both were
wary and inclined to circle about, looking for
an opening. The spectators velled for them to
go ancad. Hoboken Pete feinted a thrust, and
Curly Mac jumped his saw horse forward and
swung his ponderous rail. Pete ducked, and
probably saved himself from concussion of the
brain, as the weapon swung with so much momentum that it aimost carried its wheider to the
floor.

"Good swipe, Mac;" shouted the crowd.



THE HEN CHASE,

During their absence there was sparring of a rather farcical description, wrestling that was all rough and tumble, and an exhibition of stick work, like single-sick feeding, that was worth going miles to see. The contestants, with left hands bound behind them, faced each other, wielding light sticks. The object was to draw blood from the head or face, and the grace and dodging was altogether admirable. Foot races followed, and weight putting with agreat atone. Then came the beer, which absorbed the undivided attention of all for a sparse. Last of all came the beer, which absorbed the undivided attention of all for a sparse. Last of all came the great chicken hunt. A fat hen with good-sized wings was produced from some invisted wings and placed anot on a beam. All the hobots except the four novices formed in line undermeath. Even King Limpy took part in this. At his word one of the novices poked the hen from the rail, and away she fluttered, squawking, above the outstretched hands, the whole mottley mob surging along after her with shouts and cries. She made a game struggle for life. Gaining a perch on a side beam she dodged the grasp of a tail hobo, who leaped for her, and was off again. This time half of the pursuers want down and the other half of the pursuers want down and the other half of the pursuers want down and the other half of the pursuers want down and the other half of the pursuers want down and the other half of the pursuers want down and structable tor off by the flomany, who swang him attends with a settle their differences right there. The King coulint stop them, for he was he a discussion with Pill Paul, and had just got a left hand argument flush on the nose. Half a dozen flush you then for her was an open space. She darted for the door, but Keener Jim, who had been nursing the effects of a kiek in the ribs, was in the "My tod, says Bugnets. I'm dead "Would be purty damsoon if I wann't here," I says.

"Horryed knife an' slashed leg. Bluffed at auckin' out polson, Made him take off shirt for bandages. Wropped up bite with plece of shirt an kept the rest to remember him by. Told him I'd saved his life an' he shook out his leans -57.65. His Bugnets ited snake i'r a slick an went home. I padded on."

This achievement was regarded as good work, but hardy up to Doublehead's, as it was largely a matter of good itok, whoreas Deublehead's was a but of fine strategy. It was with a deprecatory air that Swell Harvey, who is distinguished among hobose for always wearing a collect changing it about so as to show no favorities, hanging it about so as to show no favorities, hanging it about so as to show no favorities, in the midst of the dock some little credit for "spieling," a good batch of theatricals.

"You are all familiar with the 'Doccried Village," he remarked with his usual elegance of style." It is but a shore pad from U tlea and cles in the midst of fineds county, which, may remark, abounts in hand-outs of unitation and less in the midst of fineds county, which, may remark, abounts in hand-outs of unitations and feel abeen, to be arrusted by a party of yoong people, a picule, I sudged, from a shirt for the door with half a dozen of the anore in the order of the horocast of the lastent of the doce with half a dozen of the anore in the order of the horocast of the lastent of the doce with half a dozen of the anore in the order of the horocast of the lastent of the doce with half a dozen of the anore in the order of the horocast of the lasten, to be arrusted by a party of yoong people, a picule, I sudged, from a horizon had feel abeen, to be arrusted by a party of yoong people, a picule, I sudged, from a horizon had feel abeen, to be arrusted by a party of yoong people, a picule, I sudged, from a horizon had feel and the lasten of the doce with half a dozen of the plant of the doce with half a dozen of the plant of the doce with hal

alloner.
"He's scragged her," said the king. The ly, and once visited a cousin of mine who lived in Germantown, and had met quite a large

DEFENDING THEIR CITIES. CITIZENS OF BROOKLYN, PHILADEL PHIA, AND CHICAGO PROTEST.

They Attempt, with Various Begrees of

Success, to Controvert the Accuracy of Some Observations About Their Towns. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: A very idiculous misstatement which appeared in an erticle on Philadelphia published in THE SUN of Aug. 8 has been the cause of much merriment here. You say that during the course of trolley parties the conductor shouts: "Three minutes in the tunnel," and that the young men take advantage of the darkness to steal kisses. The utter absurdity of such a statement is patent to any person who has ever had the felicity of seeing a Philadelphia girl. It is a physical impossibility for any man, young or old, to kiss one of them in that period of time. They are in every way so attractive, so alluring, so captivating, that there is no record of an osculation of less than five minutes and forty-seven seconds, and that one was cut short by the death of the man from heart disease caused by over joy.

A well-known statistician, who devoted some years to the study of this subject, after careful computations published the following table of averages, which may be of interest:

This explains why all Philadelphia men make their evening calls at 7 o'clock. It also shows their evening calls at 7 o'clock. It also shows the statement that the mer, steal kisses while going through a three-minute tunnel. The thing is laughable. ONE WHO KNOWS. PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 10.

THE POLICE DEFENDED. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: I desire for the honor of my city to correct an erroneous statement which appeared in your paper of Aug. 8. In a collection of paragraphs, obviously the work of some ignorant and untruthful person, the statement is made that a policeman in our beautiful city, an official preserver man in our beautiful city, an official preserver of the peace, a man sworn to protect our lives and property, advised a stranger who asked a direction from him to "Steal those peaches."

To any one even slightly informed on Philadelphian affairs this is, of course, ridiculous, for no man is allowed to join the constabiliary unless he is a graduate of Brother Wanamaker's Bible class. In order, however, to speak with authority. I have caused to be personally questioned every member of the police force, and each man is pre-pared to make affidavit that the statement is false.

I and many of my fellow townsmen feel deeply insulted at the publication of so cruel a statement, and we think that you should at least give this protest a place.

Philadelphia, Aug. 15.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 15.

"JUSTICE" IS DISTURBED. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-SIC: I have been reading your paper now for twenty-five years. It is delivered at my house every morning with the Ledger, and I haven't missed a single issue of it in all that time. I don't intend to now, for I am not one of the fools who write "stop my paper" when he sees something in it he doesn't like. But I do want to protest against the assault made in your columns on my native town on Aug. S.

This penny-a-liner (I think he is overpaid if he gets that much) seems to be particularly sour because Philadelphia has trolley cars. We have trolley cars, it is true, and there are no better ones than we have anywhere in the country. They don't go around killing people, either. I think that this particular part of the assault on our city is due to jealousy. Trolley cars are ahead of horse cars. Philadelphia is progressive. We discarded cables for trolley even before New York got cables. You still have horse cars in New York, or did a year ago when I was

Fete," announced king Limpy. "Fetch on defires steeds an give de scrappers deur trust sweepons."

Therespons. Therespon two saw horses were dragged for ward, and the combistants were mounted or ward, and the combistants were mounted or heavy feore rail was set under the right arm of each leaving the left hand free to hunch along the flery steeds. It was explained that the only she show the sweeped in kneeking his opponent off the saw horse was the victor. At the word the saw horse was the victor, at the word the saw horse was the victor. At the word the saw horse was the victor, at the word to the saw horse was the victor. At the word to the saw horse was the victor, at the word to the before he had reached his opponent to before he had reached his opponent to before he had reached his opponent to followed suit. They advanced. Both were wary and inclined to circle about looking for an opening. The speciators yelled for them of swing, the speciators yelled for them as woung the ponderous rail. Pete ducked, and probably saved himself from concussion of the brain, as the weapon swing with so much mentum that it almost carried its whicher to the fain, as the weapon swing with so much mentum that it almost carried its whicher to the fain, as the weapon swing with so much mentum that it almost carried its whicher to the fain, as the weapon swing with so much mentum that it almost carried its whicher to the fain, as the weapon swing with so much mentum that it almost carried its whicher to the fain and poked the point of his sale into his opponent to the fain and poked the point of his lance into his rail.

"Yer quits" shouled the king; "sock it to em, both for yer?" Again they circled. Weight began to tell and basered the point of his rail to the floor to the shoulder that hearily caused him to drop his rail.

"Yer quits" shouled the king; "sock it to em, both for yer?" should be a strong heart the point of his rail to the floor to the shoulder that hearily caused him to drop his rail.

"Yer quits" shouled the king;

SOME BROOKLYN DEFENDERS.

The Girls There Read " Marcella " and Be. long to the Civitas Club,

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: When I picked up a copy of your paper and read the observations" on Brooklyn by a dyspeptic writer, I felt a great pity in my heart for that man. Brooklyn is my home, and I shail feel sorry when I am an inhabitant of the Greater New York. Brooklyn is good enough for me. When your writer says that there is no society in Brooklyn he reveals the fact that he doesn't know what he is talking about. What constitutes society? Is it wealth, or is it culture? If the former, then Brooklyn is willing to admit New York's social superiority. If culture is the standard, then I want to wave the flag of Brooklyn. There is more culture in a block in this town than in a square mile of New York. Philadelphia and Chicago are fair targets for the alleged wit of your dyspeptic writer, but Brooklyn is not. I know that THE SUN as a newspaper is very friendly

that The Sun as a newspaper is very friendly to Brooklyn. I don't for a moment take the Brooklyn observations seriously, but I do object to the statement that Brooklyn has no society. You may say what you please about our clubs and our window decorations. Sometimes they are a bit queer. But please don't confuse them with our society. New York has nothing that will compare with our Civitas Club. It is with pride that Brooklyn points to the Civitas Club. The young women who are members of it are sarnest workers in the cause of good government, and they represent some of the best fachiles in Brooklyn. They discuss everything from street cleaning to ward politics, and some of their debates are really interesting.

Brooklyn syoung women read and think. I met three girls of my acquaintance at different times to-day on Fulton street, and each one greeted me with the query. "Oh, have you read Marticles" How much more sensible that is than the average New York greeting.

Unless a Brooklyn girl keeps up her reading she is distinctly out of it socially. I have attended Brooklyn and New York functions for several years, and I do not see any very great difference in the way that they are managed. I think that the New York society young men drink more than do the Brooklyn men, and they are not the nincer for it.

As a constant reader and admirer of your bright paper I hope that you will permit this protest from one who never wrote to a newspaper before. Please parion the stationery. My own supply has given out, and I was in such a burry to send this that I wrote on the first paper that I could find.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 17.

BROOKLYN'S REAL SOCIETY. To the Editor of The Sun-Sir: The man who wrote that Brooklyn had no society had evidently tried to get in it and couldn't. I have seen functions since I came here to live which would have compared favorably with those

given in any other great metropolitan centre

have lived in several large towns, known the

in Germantown, and had mot quite a large

number of the best fashionables there. But in none of these towns have I ever seen more taste-ful parties than we have right here in Brooklyn. I was at a progressive enchre party shortly after Christmas, and there were not only salted almonds served, but also olives, and it was expected that every guest should help himself to

monds served, but also olives, and it was expected that every guest should help himself to both if he felt he wanted them. There was lemonade, too, and plenty of it. This sort of a thing is not rare, but happens in Brooklyn every night during the season. The Gances are just as lively, and I was really surprised by the number of hacks that you can see sometimes in front of one here. Once I counted seven, and at another time when it was snowing there were eleven, all of them with two horses.

In Brooklyn they have a nice plan of putting down crash over the matting, and it makes dancing much easier, particularly with the new dance that we are learning over here now, called the York. The sea shells that lie in front of the manietpleces in summer are the only things which sometimes threaten to make our parties a failure, but it is getting quite common new to move these back, and very much fewer people trip over them now than used to.

Frequently at the sea parties I have seen two kinds of cake, and I don't believe that I went to three last winter where the loc cream gave out before the men were reached. Besides these large parties we have our sociables, but I don't mean to claim that they will compare with your big things in New York.

Then there are a great many other little phases of Brooklyn lifs that will prove to you that we have a well-developed society of our own, I don't believe there's a drug store up town that does not have a half dozen soda-water parties every night new. There are men in them, too, and on our block there were three nights last week when we went twelve strong down to the drug store. We didn't stop at the one on the corner, but walked quite a distance down, and it really kept us out a great deal later than we intended. It was nearly 10 when we got back. Of course, we couldn't keep up that sort of thing, but it goes to show that your writer is wrone and that Brooklyn has got-society.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 17. Virginia.

SOME SOCIAL FUNCTIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: Whoever wrote those things in your newspaper about Brooklyn dones't know what he is talking about. I don't believe he ever was in Brooklyn'. No society in Brooklyn! I guess we have just as elegant society as New York. I don't care if there isn't any Four Hundred here. I belong to the Elite Social and Euchre Club. and I want you to print the list of society events in our set last week, to show your readers what Brooklyn society is:

Monday — Progressive euchro party at the President's residence.

Tuesday—Regular social meeting of the club, Wednesday—Club excursion to Bensonhurst; basket lunch.

weinesday—Citto excursion between with prizes, at the Secretary's residence.
Saturday—Ice cream conversational at our

Naturday — Ice cream conversational at our house.

We would have had something Friday evening, too, only there was a church sociable that most all of our set went to. The club excursion was as swell as it could be. All the gentlemen wore white duck trousers and colored hat bands, and the ladies' dresses were just sweet. You can't say that we don't know how to dress in Brooklyn any way, for at the conversational at our house, even if the invitations did have "informal" printed on them, all the gentlemen but two wore full evening dress suits.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 15, '95.

CHICAGO, TOO.

A Vehement Protest from alResident of the Windy City.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: A couple of years or so ago when your paper yawped a whole page about this city I thought that you would be satisfied for at least a decade. That article was pretty tough, but it was a square out-andout attack, and we didn't mind it much. That stuff that you printed on Aug. 6 was altogether different. It was a stab in the back, despicable from every point. The proper place for the man who wrote it is Joliet prison or the bottom of Lake Michigan. The most outrageous thing in the stuff was the covert attack on our Museum of Art. We have had the best talent in the country paint pictures for this institution, and it stands to-day a monument to the genium of the country. We are proud of it. We resent such essaults as the man who wrote that stuff made on it.

CHICAGO, Aug. 10, 1895. CHICAGO, Aug. 10, 1895.

To the Editor of the Sun-Sir: In your paper of Aug. 6 there appeared a series of squibs purporting to be the random observafor unfairness, blas, and malice excel any-thing which even THE SUN dared to print at the time of the great World's Fair agitation. I had hoped that the advancing greatness and the phenomenally rapid development of Chicago had begun to convince you of the error of your opinion of the city, but I see that I was wrong. For a great many things I admire THE SUN. Its stand for truth and honesty and fair dealing is so sturdy and stanch in most things that it all the more discourages its followers and believers here when it condescends

to such petty and causeless pseudology. The statement that business men who drive into town with their own teams stop in front of their offices and hitch their horses to the wheels ample of unqualified mendacity, all the more ample of unqualified mendacity, all the more surprising to your readers because of the rarity of such occurrences in The Sch. It is true that many business mendrive their own rigs into the city in the morning and keep them there all day for the drive home. I have seen a dozen standing on one block of Van Buren street at once, but never on any occasion in the last five years have I seen a team unhitched and standing in the street. That practice used to obtain, but it was done away with as the result of a lively agritation when Chicago first obtained the World's Fair.

The writer of those observations overshot his

was done away with as the result of a lively agitation when Chicago first obtained the World's Fair.

The writer of those observations overshot his mark in a ludicrous manner by his sneering reference to the custom of society in giving dances in the pavilion of the old Iowa building. It is true that that practice is a favorite one, and no more striking example of the beautiful democracy of Chicago's clite can be found than in their desire thus to give to the populace the pleasure of seeing for themselves, and at no distance, the manner of conducting such swagger affairs and the conduct of the persons who attend them. I protest that your observer is neither a philosopher nor a competent observer.

And as for the custom which prevails very largely among persons of the lower and middle classes of getting together after the evening meal for discussion of the topics of the day, even if the place of meeting does happen to be in front of a liquor store whose empty kegs furnish scats for the workingmen who thus gather, is it not a good thing for these men to do this? You are continually preaching that it is one of the attributes of good citizenship to be well informed on current affairs, and particularly upon the politics of the day. How, then, can you condemn a practice which tends almost solely to increase the knowledge of the workingman about such subjects and to make him more familiar with what is going on in State and nation?

Your critic condemns the placing o signs in

Your critic condemns the placing o signs in Your critic condemns the placing o signs in the railroad stations to warn unsuspicious and innecent travellers against pickpockets and confidence men. If he objects because of the admission that there are such rascals in Chicago, I grieve that I must acknowledge the justice of his remark. But if he objects for any other cause, I denounce him as a heartless brute, who would laugh at the dire misfortune of his friend. "He jests at scars who never felt a wound," and so he jests at such good advice as these friendly signs give who would be one of the first to profit by the unwillingness of any unsophisticated individual to heed them.

But of all these slanderous misstatements, that is most despicable which attacks the noble Art Institute of Chicago. That institution was conceived in the broadest and most liberal spirit. No expense has been spared to bring to Chicago the finest examples of art the genius of the world has preduced. I am amazed at the shisloweds of the critic, who does not know that the originals of the benefit without price by the museums of the old world. Does he suplowness of the critic, who does not know that the originals of the beautiful plasters in the Chleago Art institute are held without price by the museums of the Old World. Does he suppose for an instant that if they could have been purchased by money or Influence they would not long ago have reposed on the pedestals of Chicago's art halls? The proposition is abaird, and equally absurd it is to jeer at the wise policy which, ree againing the unhappy impossibility of precuring the things themselves, yet determines to secure for our delectation their perfect cooles. And would be not have these superb plasters properly cared for? Then why does he deride the thoughtful conscientionsness of the workmen who daily remove from them the dust which has accumulated overnight, and which, if permitted to remain, would only dim their brightness and detract from their glory.

I trust you will pardon the length of this protest, but the subject is worthy and four treatment of it has made me sad.

Chicago, Aeg. 11.

A Trolley Car Upsets an Ice Wagon.

Late on Saturday night trolley car S14 of the Bensonhurst line ran into an ice wagon at the corner of Eighty-second street and Thirteenth avenue, Hay Ridge. The wagon was upset, and the tre was scattered over the road. John Car-mody and John Lochen of Ninety-ninth atrest and Fourth avenue, who were in charge of the ice, were thrown to the ground and badly bruised. The passengers on the car escaped un-liurt.

A Policeman Overcome by the Heat. Policeman Christian Maher of the Fifth ave oue station was overcome by the heat while on post at the corner of Third as enuc and Twentieth street. Brooklyn, at 3 o'clock yesterday morn-ing. He was taken to the mency Hospital in an anomacions condition.

BEER IN POTATO SACKS.

PLENTY OF ILLICIT LIQUOR SMUG GLED INTO CAMP COFFIN.

Connecticut's Governor was Going to Have a Dry Camp of This Year's Militia, but His Plans Went Astray Until the Per-ambulating Courts Made Several Raids, Nonwicz, Conn., Aug. 18.-The Nutmeg Justice Court on wheels, invented and perfected to suppress the illicit traffic in rum in no-license towns, last week rolled stealthly juto the bucolle town of East Lyme, three miles to the west of New London, and after two rounds with King Gambrinus, divested him of somewhere about thirty barrels of lager beer, all told. The Justice Court on wheels, which is peculiarly a Nutmeg State invention, consists of a prosecuting agent, a couple of deputy sheriffs or constables, a pair of revolvers, a top buggy, and a swift steed, and incidentally and for a supplementary attachment. A trial Judge or Justice of the Peace in the particular country town in which the extraordinary Justice Court happens to be operating. The autocratic prerogative with which the court is invested by the laws of the State of Connecticut has never been defined precisely, for the reason that it is absolute; the extraordinary court is in charge of everything in sight while it is in operation. Every county in the State is provided all the time with from five or six to two dozen of the itinerant courts. The particular court on

wheels which visited East Lyme and peremptorily emptied it of illicit liquors halls from Norwich, and is composed of the veteran prose-cuting agent, H. H. Burnham, Deputy Sheriff Arthur I., Story, and Constable Charles E. Hazlehurst.

This court is one of the busiest and most suc cessful in the commonwealth, travelling now in the day time and again by moonlight, and it is universally feared by illegitimate dealers in ardent spirits in the four corners of the county. It is carried in a slim, light top buggy, drawn by a wiry bay mare that skates over the ground with the swiftness of a wraith; and woe unto the offender whose illegal traffic has excited its suspicion. It is on the road about all the time Yesterday in Lebanon, perhaps twelve miles to the northwest, to-day in Voluntown, sixteen miles castward, and to-morrow, as likely as not. it will be dealing out rough-and-ready Justice to license law violators in Salem or Old Lyme on the extreme southwestern frontier of New London county.

During the week the National Guard of the State, 4,000 strong, was encamped in Camp Coffin, on Niantic Plain, in the beautiful, but dry and dusty, Sound town of East Lyme, sixteen miles in the country, southwest of this city, and, as usual, all the venders of illicit beverages have vied with each other to smuggle contraband wet goods into camp to allay the thirst of the soldiers. It was the publicly announced intention of the good Gov. Coffin that the camp which bore his name "should be altogether unsullied this year from the touch of King Alcohol," but as early as the opening day of the encampment strange great vans with a mysterious freight rolled quietly into the tented streets and deployed in front of the various company tents. Off and on the big wagons came and went, and for a long time the Governor and officers of the guard knew nothing of these movements, but finally an inquisitive martinet decorated with gold lace halted one of the vans laden with sixteen or twenty kegs of beer and hustled the driver and his load out of camp. Then, in accord with "orders from headquar-

howrote it is Jollef prison or the bottom e Michagan. The most ourrageous thing stuff was the covert attack on our Michart. We have had the best talent in intry paint pictures for this institution, stands to-day a monument to the senius country. We are proud of it. We resent saults as the man who wrote that stuff it.

B. JEFFERSON. AGO, Aug. 10, 1895.

SOME CORRECTED IMPRESSIONS.

After that aggressive and active reconnoissance as a file and the had sequelched the evil, but he had counted with beer.

After that aggressive and active reconnoissance as a file and the had sequelched the evil, but he had counted with beer.

After that aggressive and active reconnoissance as an interpretation of Aug. After the analysis of solders appointed with the evil, but he had counted with lower.

After that aggressive and active reconnoissance as an interpretation observation of a series of purporting to a very laught of a series of purporting to a very laught of a series of purporting to a very laught of a series of purporting to a very laught of a series of purporting to a very laught of a series of purporting to a

ready to be filled with the liquid, and no end of rubber tubing and other stuff used by itmerant venders in disposing of their illegal goods on the siy.

But the court was by no means through with its investigations for the day. Having stationed a guard at the barn with instructions to keep watch over the contraband property, the court quickly got on its wheels again, and on it swept to Flanders, halting this time at an old icebouse there.

"It appears," said Constable Hazlehurst, "that the camp smugglers had got wind of our coming and already had slid part of the beer away from Bell's barn into the abandoned icehouse, but we had been apprised of what was going on all the time, so we were ready for the trick. In the icehouse was one double case of beer with lots of rubber vipe for bottling, such as is used by men who do a contraband figuor business on the fly. You see the stuff is sent into the county in bilk, stowed away in some old country barn, as a rule, and finally the smugglers draw it off into bottles and distributed to on the sly to rural customers. In this instance it was intended for the soldiers. There was any number of fresh new corks in the barn ready for stopping the bottles. That was the sum total of our capture of contraband goods on Thursday. On Friday, bright and early, we were after them again, and this time our visit was a total surprise party to the whole gang. They had thought they were saie after Thursday's raid. We came down on them this time like a cart load of bricks. That very day the New London firm sent two great vans of beer, with three horses to a van, and they landed the whole cargo at Fred Bowers's in Flanders Village, just four miles from Niantic camp grounds. They stacked the whole of it in flowers's barn, and we secoped it all, exactly skil full bottles of lager, nicely marked "ginger beer," Iwenty half barrels of lager, and small measures of the stuff besides. The twenty half barrels of beer, of course, was to be put in bottles and there were busiles of heave onto the party

WEST 11TH ST. CARPETS

GOOD FORTUNE CAME YOUR WAY WHEN WE FORESAW THAT WOOL AND WAGES WERE GOING UP AND HADE OUR CONTRACTS WITH THE MILLS AT THE OLD LOW PRICES. COME IN NOW AND CHOOSE YOUR PATTERNS TO BE MADE FROM OUR SAMPLES OF THE LATEST DESIGNS AND COLORINGS, NO MONEY DOWN AND GOODS DELIVELED Our Furniture Prices " Record Brenkers,"

CASH OR CREDIT. COWPERTHWAIT & CO.. 104, 106, AND 108 WEST 14TH ST., NEAR STR AV, BROOKLYN STORES.

FLATBUSH AV., NEAR PULTON, ST.

W. J. Myers, who is station agent at Job's Station, on the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo Railway, in the State of Ohlo, has knowledge of the remarkable case of Mr. W. C. Hoodlet, who relates, under date of July 26, 1895: "For some years past I have been employed under mother earth, from one and a half to two miles from the mouth of the mine, digging coal. The great distance under the hills makes it impossible for me to get pure air, which is forced to us by the aid of great fans. During breaks in machinery the air would become bad, causing first great pains in my head, dizziness, and fainting. This continued until next was pains in stomach, then indigestion and dyspepsia Working hard in the mines, I naturally was a hearty eater, until at last I had dyspepsia so bad I suffered terrible. My family physician prescribed for me, but I only got worse. I took several kinds of medicine. I seen Ripans Tabules advertised in Farm and Fireside, and going to the drug store, found none, so I went to Nelsonville and found them on sale and bought a box. I took several doses, and felt better next day. In three days I was a new man. Bad air has no use for me now, and my head is clear, stomach well, and no dyspepsia. These Ripans Tabules done it.

"(Signed), W. C. HOODLET." Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail if the price 550 ceros a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce st., New York. Sample vial, 10 cents.

on the second raid we saw a couple of men mounted high on a great double van of sacks of potatoes, so we thought the things were, but we hadn't got onto the trick then and never mistrusied them. We did think, though, it was a good many notatoes, even though they were driving to camp; but as soon as we discovered the potato rack at Bowers's barn then we drove after the two men at full speed. We chased after them four or five miles, but they got away from us and undoubtedly got into Camp Coffin and sold out their load.

"That was a time when we got left. But what we got of contraband goods out of the two places around Flanders was no more than as a drop in the bucket to what was amuggled out of New London and into Camp Coffin during the week. Let me tell you that, now introducing the governor's high orders, no soldler in camp this year went any dryer than usual there, unless he did so because he wanted to. There was juice enough in camp all the time, and don't you forget it. After we had got all our contraband goods stacked up we just put it in a handy place, with an officer to look after it, and then pulled up all the law breakers, the 'connors of New London. Bell and Bowers of Flanders, before Justice of the Peace Davis of the viliage and he held 'em for trial there on Wednesday next. All gave bonds, the Connors of New London. Bell and Bowers of the viliage and he held 'em for trial there on Wednesday next. All gave bonds, the Connors in \$250 cach and Bowers in \$100. Bell pleaded that he had leased his barn Innocently to the Connors, not knowing what they were to usel for, and accordingly was released. The same plea-an old, old familiar one-undoubtedly will be used to save Bowers's pelt at the trial on Wednesday.

"But we've got to destroy, in the name of the State all the stuff we selezed; got to draw the cork of each particular bottle, and let the beer gurgle out on the ground. According to the leaw we've got to destroy, in the name of the state, all the stuff leak out slowly. You know that liquor, but not th

MONTICELLO, N. Y., Aug. 18,-Acting Coroner Eldred of Eldred held an inquest yesterday in

the case of Charles Tactrow, who with two companions was drowned on Monday in Highland Lake. There were rumors of fout play, but the recovery of his body proves this to be

vilion, had just appeared on the surface beside the boat. The ladies were herror stricken and shricked loudly for help. Miss Cook dropped one out in the water, but recovered it and paddled away from the body. They had gone but a few feet when something struck the bottom of the best and the body of the third man, the assistant cook, whose name is anknown, came to the surface beside them. The women were frantic with fine, and the men who put out from the shore had difficulty in reassuring them sufficiently to get them ashore. Other men rowed to the bodies and towed them in. Neither had marks of any kind upon them, and their peckets were empty, showing that they had not robbed Taetrow, as rumpred. Coroner Norton of this place held an inquest last night, and the jury's verdict was the same as in the Taetrow case. The men were buried at Eldred last night.

He's Probably Sorry, for He Mast Stay in

Town Until the Thieves' Telal.

Herman Osted, a salimaker from Portland,
Or, while crossing Sixth avenue, at Minetta
lane, early resterday morning, was set upon by
two men, who knecked him down. One of the
men held him, while the other rifled his poskers
and stele his gold watch. Osted called for help
as he struggled to free himself. The noise he
made brought Policeman Fitzpatrick of the
Mercer street station to his and. When Osted's
two assailants saw the policeman coming ther Mercov street station to his and. When there's two assailants and the policeman coming they tried to run away. Subjecting rainful one of the men, while thereof held on to the one who had taken his watch. The two men were haled to the station, where they described themselves as baniel toward. 22 years oid, of 111 freet birec, Brooklyn, and William Brooks, 24 years old, of 41 Seventh avenue.

Belt the primaters were arraigned in Jefferson Market Court yesterday morning and a charge of highway robbers was made angainst them by Oston. After he had made the complaint, deted asked Magistrate thram for permission to will-asked Magistrate thram for permission to will-

Osted. After he had made the compaint, disted asked Magistrate items for permission to will-draw it. He showed a railread theket, and said he intended to go back in Fortland beday. Magistrate Brain refused to let him windraw the complaint, and to make sure that he wouldn't guit news sent him to the House of Detention. Brooks and Conway were held for trial in \$1,000 baileach.

HOOKERSNOOK ON A BIKE HE SAYS HE HAS BEEN SCOTTING WITH MAJOR ANDRESS

It Would Take a Good Detective to Recon-nize His Pace Now, and the Story He Tells of Excise Buty on a Wheel backt to Braws Pension from a Wooden Board, It was perfectly obvious that something was wrong with Detective Sergeant Hookershok, Not even one of his fellow officers of the tri rm Police Board's band of sleuths could have failed to detect that. In the first place, he were a large and most unornamental design in black court plaster on the left side of his face, which matched admirably the puffy swelling above the adjacent eye. A bandage around his fore-head gave a jaunty set to his hat that bened the stiff yet drooping manner in which his head

"Young man," were his first words to the reporter, "can you ride a bicycle ?" "No," replied the reporter. "Can you?"
"No," sadly responded the battered officer; "and that's just what's the matter with me." "Headquarters decided to raid the bicylists?"

broken off and then stuck on in a hurry. His right hand was in spiints, he limned painfully.

and he exhaled a powerful odor of assorted

liniments as he spoke, somewhat uncourtly, by

reason of the looseness of three front teeth.

asked the reporter. "No, 'taint that. It's Andrews." Hookersnook did not say Commissioner Andrews or even Mr. Andrews. He did preface the name with two or three words of an entirely unofficial character. Then he jammed his from teeth in hard and announced himself.

"Say, there's got to be a change in this bushness at Headquarters, or I'm going to quit. Yes, I am. I'd rather go back to the Umpty. umpst precipet, where a fellow can fish owners n the Bronx River for turties while he son he beat, and enjoy the beauties of nature, besides getting a little show if he does good work. Why,

in the Bronx River for turties while he son is beat, and enjoy the beauties of nature, leades getting a little show if he does good work. Why, while I was up there I used to do something hig every week, and the Plumtree Garoot printed my name in big letters about my daring reach of little Johnny Simpson. It said: "The conspientions bravery and unsurpassed gallantry of Officer Hookershook of the..."

"Yes, I know all about that." put in the response heastly, "but I've got Commissioner Andrews's name down in my note prefaced by three blanks and a blotch. I'd like to have you explain the cause for those terms."

"Well, you see Andrews done me dirt. Some of the dirt is under that court plaster. The doctor says it'll work out in time. If it don't I'm marked for life, and I'll never be able to disguise myself again without I wear a mask. And the worst of it is, the Commissioner give me the laugh and said it was my own fault. You see it all comes of Andrews wanting te keep up with the procession. Roosey was doing electric dispusy of the procession. Roosey was doing electric dispusy of the gardens of the same highly and said it was my own fault. You see it all comes of Andrews wanting te keep up with the procession. Roosey was doing electric dispusy of the procession of the same street corners twice a week, and Andrews thought he ought to get in the game. First he used to drive around in a carriage looking for joints that kept open after hours, but he got sick of that and took to the wheel. One day he come to me and says:

"Hookersnook, can you bike?"

"I suppose I could if I had to,' i says, 'though a cable car's good enough for me most times.

"I want a man to go around with nee on a wheel when I'm out hiking on the watch for excise violators, just like Mr. Rooseveit has Tierney along with him, and I thought you mught do it,' says he.

"That's me, Mr. Commissioner,' I says for I saw myself making myself soliu there. This take a few lessons and be way up in a couple of direction of the was dead right. When I got out w

night ago. "Hello, Hookersnook,' he says, 'Where's

statute, you could smash the bottles against the nearest stone wall or building, but now they won't let you destroy extra property unnecessarily. You are commanded to destroy beer or liquor, but not the vessels in which it is contained. So we've got in puil corks, and there's a bottle; so we've got in puil corks, and there's a bottle; so we've got in puil corks, and there's a bottle; so it'll take tus sure the better part of a day to do it. Afterward, the owner of the goods is at liberty to come and reclaim and take his buttles away.

"Queer law that, it's a queer fact, in connection with our raid, that only a few days ago begun yheriff Carroll of the sun and only with the goods is at liberty to come and reclaim and take his buttles away.

"Queer law that, it's a queer fact, in connection with our raid, that only a few days ago begun yheriff Carroll of the sun and only with the goods is at liberty to come and reclaim and take his buttles away.

"Queer law that, it's a queer fact, in connection with our raid, that only a few days ago begun yheriff Carroll of the sun and only with the wind that only a few days ago in the wind that only a few days ago in the law of the way and the liquor raids in the neighborhood of Camp Coffin, without getting a smell of evidence or a drop of illicit stuff there. They were no the wind that to ten beer dickerers in Camp Coffin this time, and some of them must have got rich his time, and some of them must have got rich this time, and some of them must have got rich this time, and some of them must have got rich this time, and some of them must have got rich this time, and some of them must have got rich this time, and some of them must have got rich this time, and some of them must have got rich this time, and some of them must have got rich this time, and some of them must have got rich this time, and some of them must have got rich this time, and some of them must have got an admitted to follow the control of the state of the properties of the connection of the work of taggins an

"We're servin' the roadman's cocktail now, gents,' and we told him to go ahead. Mine looked out of sight, and I took one big gulp and then slid for the door, with Andrews close after

land Lake. There were rumors of fout play, but the recovery of his body proves this to be untrue. The men were drowned in 100 feet of water, and explosions of dynamite on the surface of the lake failed to bring the bodies up. On Friday afternoon Tactrow's body appeared. There was a cut on the forehead, but this was probably made by grappling frons. The men had been heard singing drunken songs on the lake at midnight, just before they were drawned, hence the jury found that death was caused by their own carelessness.

On Saturday afternoon Miss Cook, Miss Metzendorf, and Miss Ulrich of Brooklyn, who are summering at Orange Farm, were rowing upon the lake. Suddenly Miss Ulrich screamed and nearly upset the boat in an effort to get on the seat beside Miss Cook. The body of William Pilgrim, the cook at the Beach refreshment pavilion, had Just appeared on the surface beside the boat. The ladies were horror stricken and shricked londly for help, Miss Cook dropped one oar in the water, but recovered it and paddict away from the body. They had gone but a few feet when something struck the bott and the bady of the there was a part of about twenty. Say, a thing in discident as barging, and an ambulance surgeon best over the sast and the bady of the thortom of the bast and the bady of the there was a part of the says and then slid for the door, with Andrews close after the head in 100 feet of water for the door, with Andrews close after ment of the one of the surface of the surface was up. No charge, says the bartender. It's a great drink, and is composed of ice, wine de Croton, red ink, and salt but I hear it ain't good forton, red ink, and salt, but I hear it ain't good forton, red ink, and salt, but I hear it ain't good forton, red ink, and salt, but I hear it ain't good forton, red ink, and salt, but I hear it ain't good forton, red ink, and salt, but I hear it ain't good forton, red ink, and salt, but I hear it ain't good forton, red ink, and salt, but I hear it ain't good forton, red ink, and salt, but I hear it ain

me and sniffed most suspicious.

"Alcoholism" says he, for that's what they always say.

"You're a liar,' I says. 'Bierele'.

"Here's good has an andrews. I lim't put a straitiacket?

"Here's another,' says his limitous. Again holiam, too, he says, sniffm at Andrews he cause, you see, he'd got some of the cycleme soaked in his clothes.

"Inclined to be delirious,' says the said "Whore's my hyposicrine needle?"

"Well, Andrews hera sed than until the sifteen was for treating him on the acute meet alms, but I got my badge out and squyed thans. Andrews get a cab and drove in the premiud while they handaged me up, and when was got there and he seen my face he bust out in case long till he got back in the face. That midd in sets."

"After I was patched up and was heine derived."

"After I was patched up and was heine derived."

Scott cottage, at Liberon, occupied by A. Or peter helm of New York, and the Fred Venders of cottage, on Chopur avenue, or cupied by J. P. Quinian of New York, were entered early this visible this inording on every floor.
Last night, at the Holly wood garden party, a higyde belonging to Charles W. Homern of 61 East Sixty-inorth street. New York, was stolen.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.